THE GARLAND OF Good-Will:

Divided into Three Parts.

Containing many

Pleasant SONGS and POEMS.

With a Table to find the Names of the Songs.

By T—— D——.

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The Garland of Good will.

The First Part.

I. A mournful Ditty on the Death of Roſamond, K. Henry the Second's Concubine. Tune of, Flying Fame.

WHenas King Henry rul'd this Land,
the Second of that Name,
Beſides the Quæn he dearly lov'd
a fair and Princely Dame;
Moſt peerleſs was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A ſweater Creature in this World,
did never Prince embrace.
Her crilped locks like threds of gold,
appear'd to earth Man's light;
Her comely eyes like orient pearls,
did caſt a heavenly light;
The blood within her cryſtal cheeks,
did ſuch a colour drive,
As if the lilly and the roſe
for maſtership did ſtrive:
Yea Roſamond, fair Roſamond,
her name was called ſo,
To whom Dame Elenor our Quæn,
was known a mortal Foe.
The King therefore for her defence,
againſt this furious Quæn,

At Woodſtock builded ſuch a Bower,
the like was never ſæn:
Moſt curiouſly this Bower was built,
with ſtone and timber ſtrong,
An hundred and fifty doors
did to this Bower belong;
And they ſo cunningly contriv'd,
with turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of thred
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Lady's ſake,
that was ſo fair and bright,
The kæping of this Bower he gave
unto a worthy Knight.
But Fortune that doth often frown,
where ſhe before did ſmile,
The King's Delight and Lady's Joy,
full ſoon ſhe did beguile:
For why, the King's ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Againſt his Father raiſed Wars
within the Realm of France.
And yet before our comely King,
the Engliſh Land forſook,
Of Roſamond that Lady fair,
his laſt Farewel he took:
O Roſamond, the only Roſe,
that pleaſeſt beſt mine eye,
The faireſt Roſe in all the World
to fæd my fantaſie;
The Flower of mine affeæted heart,
whoſe ſweæteneſs doth excel;
My Royal Roſe, a thouſand times,
I bid thæe now farewel.

For I muſt leave my famous Flower,
my ſweeteſt Roſe a ſpace,
And croſs the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abaſe:
But yet my Roſe be ſure thou ſhalt
my coming ſhortly ſee;
And in my heart, while hence I am,
I'll bear my Roſe with me.
When Roſamond the Lady fair,
did hear the King ſay ſo,
The ſorrows of her grieved heart,
her outward looks did ſhow;
And from her clear and cryſtal eyes,
tears guſhed out apace,
Which, like the ſilver pearled dew,
ran down her comely face:
Her lips like to the coral red,
did wax both wan and pale;
And for the ſorrow ſhe conceiv'd,
her vital ſpirits did fail;
And falling down all in a ſwound,
before King Henry's face;
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her body he did embrace:
And twenty times with watry eyes,
he kiſt her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
her ſenſes mild and meek:
Why grieves my Roſe, my ſweeteſt Roſe?
the King did often ſay.
Becauſe, quoth ſhe, to bloody Wars
my Lord muſt part away.
But ſince your Grace in Foreign Coaſts,
among your Foes unkind,

Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind?
Nay, rather let me like a Page,
thy sword and targret bear,
That on my breast the blow may light,
that should offend you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet bathes refresh your Grace,
at your return from fight:
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toil I will refuse;
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse.
Content thy self, my dearest Love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In England's sweet and pleasant Soil,
for travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook not bloudy Wars,
sweet Peace their pleasure breed,
The Nourisher of Heart's content,
which Fancy first did feed.
My Rose shall rest in Woodstock-bower,
with musick, sweet delight;
While I among the piercing pikes
against my Foes do fight;
My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,
with diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the galliard of my love,
while I my Foes do smite.
And you Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to be my Love's Defence,
Be careful of my Royal Rose,
when I am parted hence:

And

And therewithal he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would break;
And Rosamond for very grief
not one plain word could speak.
And at their parting well they might,
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond
the King did see no more:
And when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen El'nor, with envious heart,
to Woodstock came anon:
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower;
Who, with his clew of twined thred,
came from this famous Flower;
And when that she had wounded him,
the Queen his thred did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond,
was like an Angel set.
But when the Queen with stedfast eye
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding Grace:
Cast off thy robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.
But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all:
Take pity on my youthful years,
fair Rosamond did cry,

And let me not with poison strong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloister bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the World so wide:
And for that fault which I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me
as you think good to do.
And with these words her lilly hands
she rung full often there;
And down along her comely face
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,
The cup of deadly poison fill'd,
as she sate on her knee,
She gave this comely Dame to drink;
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heav'n,
she did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poison strong,
her life she lost withal.
And when that Death through ev'ry limb,
had done her greatest spite,
Her chiefest Foes did plain confess,
she was a glorious Wight;
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

II. A Sonnet containing the Lamentation of Shore's Wife, who was ſome time Concubine to King Edward the Fourth; ſetting forth her great Fall, and withal her moſt miſerable and wretched End. To the Tune of, The Hunt is up.

LIſten, fair Ladies,
Unto my miſery,
That lived late in pomp and ſtate,
moſt delightfully;
And now to Fortune's fair diſſimulation,
Brought in cruel and uncouth plagues,
moſt piteouſly.
Shore's Wife I am,
So known by name,
And at the Flower-de-luce in Cheapſide,
was my dwelling;
The only Daughter of a wealthy Merchant-man,
Againſt whoſe counſel evermore
I was rebelling.
Young was I loved,
No action moved
My heart or mind, to give or yield
to their conſenting.
My Parents thinking ſtrictly for to wed me,
Forcing me to take that which caused
my repenting.
Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty cauſed many Gallants
to ſalute me:
The King commanded, I ſtrait obeyed,
For his chiefeſt Jewel then
he did repute me.

Brabely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor Mens suits
by me was obtained:
In all the Court, to none was such great resort,
As unto me, tho' now in scorn
I be disdained.
When the King died,
My grief was tryed,
From the Court I was expelled,
with despight:
The D. of Gloceſter being Lord Protector,
Took away my Goods against
all Law and Right.
And a procession,
For my transgression,
Bare-footed he made me go:
for to shame me,
A Cross before me there was carried plainly,
As a pennance to my former like,
for to tame me.
Then through London,
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector published
a Proclamation,
On pain of Death, I should not be harbour'd,
Which furthermore encreas'd my sorrow
and veration.
I that had plenty,
And dishes dainty,
Most sumptuously brought to my board,
at my pleasure:
Being full poor, from door to door,
I beg my bread with clack and dish,
at my leisure.

My

My rich attire,
By Fortune's ire,
To rotten rags and nakedness,
they are beaten:
My body soft, which the King embrac'd oft
With vermine vile annoy'd,
and eat on.
On stalls and stones
did lie my bones,
That wonted was in bed of down
to be plac'd:
And you see my finest pillows be
Of stinking straw, with dirt and dung,
thus disgrac'd.
Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your sweet Babies,
My grievous fall bear in your mind,
and behold me,
How strange a thing, that the Love of a King
Should come to die under a stall,
as I told ye.

III. A Song of K. Edgar, shewing how he was deceived of his Love, &c. Tune of, Labandalashot.

Whenas King Edgar did govern this Land,
adown, adown, down, down, down,
And in the strength of his years he did stand,
call him down a:
Such praise was spread of a gallant Dame,
Which did through England carry great fame,
And she a Lady of high degree,
The Earl of Devonshire's Daughter was she.
The King which lately had bury'd the Queen,

And

And not long time a Widower beèn,
Hearing this praise of a gallant Maid,
Upon her beauty his love he laid:
And in his sight he would often say,
I will send for that Lady gay;
Yea, I will send for this Lady bright,
Which is my Treasure and Delight,
Whose beauty, like to Phœbus beams,
Doth glister through all Christian Realms.
Then to himself he would reply,
Saying, How fond a Prince am I,
To cast my love so base and low,
Upon a Girl I do not know?
King Edgar will his fancy frame
To love some Peerless Princely Dame,
The Daughter of a Royal King,
That may a dainty Dowry bring:
Whose matchless beauty brought in place,
May Estrild's colour clean disgrace.
But senseless Man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken reed to lean?
Or what fond Fury did me move,
Thus to abuse my dearest Love?
Whose visage grac'd with heavenly hue,
Doth Hellen's honour quite subdue,
The glory of her beauteous pride,
Sweet Estrild's favour doth deride:
Then pardon my unseemly speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beseech:
For I my thoughts will hence forth frame,
To spread the honour of thy name.
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
Which was most trusty in his sight,
And unto him thus he did say,

To

To Earl Orgator go thy way,
Where ask for Ethrild, comely Dame,
Whose beauty went so far by Fame:
And if you find her comely Grace,
As Fame did spread in every place;
Then tell her Father, she shall be
By crowned Queen, if she agree.
The Knight in message did proceed,
And into Devonshire went with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravisht at her sight,
That nothing could his passion move,
Except he might obtain her love;
For day and night while there he staid,
He courted still this peerless Maid,
And in his suit he shew'd such skill,
That at the length he gain'd her good-will,
Forgetting quite the Duty tho',
Which he unto the King did owe.
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face;
That those reports were to blame,
That so advanc'd the Maiden's name:
For I assure your Grace, said he,
She is as other Woman be;
Her beauty of such great report,
No better than the common sort,
And far unmeet in every thing,
To match with such a noble King:
But tho' her face be nothing fair,
Yet sith she is her Father's Heir,
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very fain her Husband be;
Then if your Grace would give consent,

I would my ſelf be well content,
The Damſel for my Wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings ſake.
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave;
For on that point he did not ſtand,
For why, he had no need of Land.
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded ſtraight this Lady gay:
The faireſt Creature bearing life,
Had this falſe Knight unto his Wife;
And by that Match of high degree,
An Earl ſoon after that was he.
E're he long time had married been,
That many had her beauty ſeen;
Her praiſe was ſpread both far and near;
The King again thereof did hear:
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betraped of his Love;
Though therefore he was vexed ſore,
Yet ſeem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his countenance good and kind,
As tho' he bare no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to paſs,
When as the King full merrey was,
To Ethlewood in ſport he ſaid,
I muſe what chear there ſhould be made,
If to thy houſe I ſhould reſort,
A night or two for Princely ſport:
He that the Earl ſhew'd countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was full ſad,
Saying, Your Grace ſhall welcome be,
If ſo your Grace will honour me.
Then as the day appointed was,

Before the King did thither pass,
The Earl before-hand did prepare,
The King's coming to declare;
And with a countenance passing grim,
He call'd his Lady unto him,
Saying, with sad and heavy chear,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady, as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be:
Nor wash not thou thy Angel's face,
But so thy beauty clean disgrace;
Thereto thy gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the eye:
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious beauty so extoll'd,
Then shall my life soon shortned be,
For my deserts and treachery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Tho' I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in trust to bring,
The joyful tydings to the King;
Who for thy glorious beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen:
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gave me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my grief did slake:
And that tho' duty charged me,
Most faithful to my Lord to be;
Yet Love upon the other side,
Did for my self I should provide:
Then for my suit and service shown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my love in wedlock spent,

Your

Your Choice you need no whit repent:
Then since my grief I have express,
Sweet Lady, grant me my request:
Good words she gave with smiling chear,
Pulling of that which she did hear;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in herself she thought it shame,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Most costly robes full rich therefore,
In bravest sort that day she wore,
Doing all that e're she might,
To set her beauty so to sight:
And her best skill in every thing,
She shew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did pass:
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire;
And for the looks he gave her then,
For every look she shew'd him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His love and looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a hunting go;
And as they through a wood did ride,
The Earl on horseback by his side:
For so the Story telleth plain,
That with a shaft the Earl was slain:
So that when he had lost his life,
He took the Lady unto Wife,
Who married her, all harm to shun,
By whom he did beget a Son.
Thus he that did the King deceive,

Did hy desert his death receive:
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy Friend.

IV. How Coventry was made Free by Godina, Countess of Chester. Tune of, Prince Arthur died at Ludlow, &c.

LEofricus, that noble Earl
of Chester, as I read,
Did for the City of Coventry
many a noble deed:
Great Privileges for the Town
this Noble man did get;
And of all things did make it so,
that they toie-free did sit:
Save only that for Horses still,
they did some custom pay,
Which was great charges to the Town,
full long and many a day:
Wherefore his Wife Godina, fair,
did of the Earl request,
That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the rest.
So when she long had sued,
her purpose to obtain,
Her noble Lord at length she took
within a pleasant vein;
And unto him with smiling chear,
she did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
perform that goodly deed.
You move me much my Fair, quoth he,
your suit I fain would shun;

Your Choice you need no whit repent:
Then since my grief I have exprest,
Sweet Lady, grant me my request:
Good words she gave with smiling chear,
Musing of that which she did hear;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in herself she thought it shame,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Most costly robes full rich therefore,
In brabest sort that day she wore,
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And unto him with smiling chear,
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Entreating greatly that he would
perform that goodly deed.
You move me much my Fair, quoth he,
your suit I fain would shun;

But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done?
Why, any thing, my Lord, (quoth she)
you will with reason crave,
I will perform it with good-will,
if I my will might have.
If thou wilt grant the thing, he said,
what I shall now require,
As soon as it is finished,
thou shalt have thy desire.
Command what you think good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree.
On this Condition, That the Town
for ever may be free.
If thou thy cloaths strip off,
and here lay them down,
And at noon-day on horseback ride
stark naked through the Town,
They shall be free for evermore;
if thou wilt not do so,
More liberty than now they have,
I never will bestow.
The Lady at this strange demand,
was much abasht in mind;
And yet for to fulfil this thing,
she never a whit repin'd:
Wherefore unto all Officers
of the Town she sent,
That they perceiving her good-will,
which for the Weal was bent:
That on the day that she should ride,
all Persons through the Town,
Should keep their houses, shut their doors,
and clap their windows down:

So that no Creature, young or old,
should in the Streets be seen,
till she had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean:
And when the day of riding came,
no person did her see,
having her Royal after which time,
the Town was ever free.

How the Duke's Daughter of Cornwal being married unto King Locrin, was by him put away, and a strange Lady, whom he better loved, he married and made her his Queen; and how his Wife was avenged. To the Tune of, In Greece.

When Humber in his wrathful rage,
King Albanack in field had slain,
whose bloody battle to assuage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain;
And with a host of Britains stout,
length he found King Humber out:
Advantage great he got him then,
and with his host beset him so,
that he destroyed his warlike Men,
and Humber's power did overthrow.
And Humber flying for fear of his life,
leapt into a river desperately;
And being drowned in the deep,
he left a Lady there after,
which sadly did lament and weep,
for fear they should her life deprive.
But by her face that was so fair,
the King was caught in Cupid's snare:

He took this Lady to his love,
who secretly did keep it still,
So that the Queen did quickly prove,
the King did bear her much good-will;
Which though by Wedlock late begun,
he had by her a gallant Son.
Queen Guendoline was griev'd in mind,
to see the King was alter'd so,
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
which brought her to most bitter woe:
For Estrild was his Joy (God wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.
The Duke of Cornwal being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen,
The King with lust being overlaid,
his lawful Wife he cast off slean:
Who with her dear and tender Son,
For succour did in Cornwal run.
Then Locrin crowned Estrild bright,
and made of her his lawful Wife;
With her which was his Heart's Delight,
he thought to lead his life:
Thus Guendoline, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in scorn.
But when the Cornish men did know,
the great abuse she did endure,
With her a number great did go,
which she by prayer did procure:
In battel then they marcht along,
For to redress this grievous wrong;
And near a river called Store,
the King with all his Host she met,
Where both the Armies fought full sore,
but yet the Queen the field did get:

yet're they did the conquest gain,
The King was with an arrow slain.
Then Guendoline did take in hand,
until her Son was come to age,
The Government of all the Land;
but first her fury to allwage,
She did command her Soldiers wild,
To drown both Estrild and her Child.
Incontinent then did they bring
fair Estrild to the river-side,
And Sabrine, Daughter to a King,
whom Guendoline could not abide;
Who being bound together fast,
into the river there was cast.
And ever since that running stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called Savern through the Realm,
because that Sabrine died there.
Thus those that did to lewdness bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

VI. A Song of Queen Isabel, Wife to King Edward the Second; how, by the Spencers she was constrained secretly to go out of England with her eldest Son, Prince Edward, to seek for Succour in France; and what happened unto her in her Journey.

PRoud were the Spencers, and of condition ill,
All England, and the King likewise,
they ruled at their will:
And many Lords and Nobles of the Land,
Through their occasions lost their lives,
and none did them withstand:

And at the last they did encrease much grief,
Between the King and Isabel,
his Queen and faithful Wife:
So that her life she dreaded wondrous sore,
And cast within her secret thoughts,
some present help therefore.
Then she requests with countenance grave a
That she to Thomas Becket's Tomb,
might go on Pilgrimage:
Then being joyful to have that happy chan
Her Son and she took Ships with speed,
and sailed into France:
And Royally she was received then,
By the King and all the rest
of Peers and Noblemen:
And unto him at last she did express,
The cause of her arrival there,
her cause and heavinels.
When as her Brother her grief did understan
He gave her leave to gather Men
throughout his famous Land;
And made a promise to aid her evermore;
As oft as she should stand in need,
of gold and silver store:
But when indeed she did require the same,
He was as far from doing it,
as when she thither came;
And did proclaim, whilst matters were so,
That none on pain of death should go
to aid the English Queen.
This alteration did greatly grieve the Quee
That down along her comely face
the bitter tears were seen;
When she perceiv'd her friends forsook her

She knew not, for her safety,
which way to turn or go:
But tho' good hap, at last she then decreed,
To seek in Brittish Germany
some succour to this need:
And to Sir John Hainault then went she,
Who entertain'd this woful Queen
with great solemnity. [plain'd,
And with great sorrow to him she then com-
Of all her griefs and injuries,
which she of late sustain'd: [sight,
So that with weeping she dimm'd her Princely
The sum whereof did greatly grieve,
that noble courteous Knight; [he,
Who made an Oath he would her Champion
And in her quarrel spend his blood,
from wrong to set her free;
And all my Friends with whom I may prevail,
Shall help for to advance your state,
whose truth no time shall fail.
And in his promise most faithful he was found,
And many Lords of great account,
was in his Voyage bound;
So setting forward with a goodly Train,
At length, through God's special Grace,
into England they came:
At Harwich then, when they were ashore,
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great store:
Which did rejoice the Queen's afflicted heart,
That English Lords in such sort
came for to take her part.
When as King Edward thereof did understand,
How that the Queen with such a Power,

was entred on his Land; [part,
And how his Nobles were gone to take her
He fled from London presently,
even with a heavy heart:
And with the Spencers unto Bristol did go,
To fortifie that gallant Town,
great cost he did bestow;
Leaving behind to govern London Town,
The stout Bishop of Exeter,
whose pride was soon pull'd down.
The Mayor of London with Citizens great store,
The Bishop and the Spencers both,
in heart they did abhor,
Therefore they took him without fear or dread,
And at the Standard in Cheapside,
they smote off his Head.
Unto the Queen this message then they sent,
The City of London was
at her Commandment;
Wherefore the Queen with all her Company,
Did straight to Bristol march amain,
whereas the King did lie,
Then he besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel death,
to those that were so stout;
Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children,
and their Wives,
Did yield the City to the Queen,
for safeguard of their lives:
Where was took, the story plain doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him,
the Earl of Arundel.
This Judgment just the Nobles did set down,
They should be drawn and hanged both,

in

in sight of Bristol Town.
Then was King Edward in the Castle there,
And Hugh Spencer still with him,
in dread and deadly fear;
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The winds were found contrary,
they were enforc'd to stay:
But at last Sir John Beaumont, Knight,
did bring his sailing Ship to shore,
and so did stay their flight:
And so these Men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
which did in Bristol lie.
The Queen by counsel of the Lords and Barons bold,
To Barkley sent the King,
there to be kept in hold:
And young Hugh Spencer that did much ill pro- cure,
Was to the Marshal of the Host
sent unto keeping sure:
And then the Queen to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
which late in Bristol lay:
And here behold how Spencer was,
from Town to Town, even as the Queen
to Hereford did pass,
Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,
with legs and hands fast bound:
A writing paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
which did his treason show,
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain Men with reeden-pipes,
did blow before him still.

Thus

Thus was he led along in every place,
While many People did rejoice,
to see his strange disgrace. [come,
When unto Hereford our noble Queen was
She did assemble all the Lords
and Knights, both all and some; [had,
And in their presence young Spencer judgment
To be both hang'd and quarter'd,
his treasons were so bad;
Then was the King deposed of his Crown,
From Rule, and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did cast him down;
And in his stead his Son both wise and sage,
Was crown'd King of fair England,
at fifteen years of age.

VII. A Song of the Banishment of the two Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk.

TWo noble Dukes of great renown,
that long had liv'd in fame,
Through hateful Envy were cast down,
and brought to sudden shame;
The Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise,
'Gainst whom such malice there was shown,
which soon in sight did rise.
The Duke of Norfolk most untrue,
declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of Hereford greatly grew,
in hatred of each thing,
Which by his Grace was acted still,
against both High and Low;
How he had a traiterous will,

his

his State to overthrow.
The Duke of Hereford then in haste,
was sent for to the King,
And by the Lords in order plac'd,
examin'd of each thing:
Who being guiltless of this crime,
which was against him laid;
The Duke of Norfolk at that time,
these words unto him said.
How can'st thou with a shameless face,
deny a truth so flout;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so falsly face it out?
Did not these wicked treasons pass,
when we together were,
How that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear?
Wherefore my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his noble Peers,
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy years;
I do pronounce before you all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our noble King,
as time shall shew it clear.
The Duke of Hereford hearing that,
in mind was griefed much,
And did return this Answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolk touch:
The term of Traytor, truthless Duke,
in scorn and great disdain,
With fist hesitance to thy face,
I do return again.
And therefore if it please your Grace,

to grant me leave, quoth he,
To combat with my unknown Foe,
That here accuseth me;
I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a perjured Knight,
He hath most falsly sought my shame,
against all truth and right.
The King did grant this just request,
and did therewith agree,
At Coventry in August next,
this combat fought should be:
The Dukes on sturdy steeds full stout,
in coats of steel most bright,
With spears in rests, did enter lists,
this combat fierce to fight.
The King then cast his Warden down,
commanding them to stay,
And with his Lords he counsel took,
to stint that mortal fray:
At length unto these noble Dukes,
the King of Heraulds came,
And unto them with lofty speech,
this Sentence did proclaim,
Sir Henry Bullenbrook, this day,
the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Maubry, Norfolk Duke,
so valiantly did appear:
And having in honourable sort,
repaired to this place,
Our noble King for special cause
hath alter'd thus the case:
First, Henry Duke of Hereford,
e're fifteen days be past,
Shall part the Realm on pain of Death,

while

while ten years space doth last.
And Thomas Duke of Norfolk now,
that hath begun this strife,
And thereof no good proof can bring,
I say for term of life;
By judgement of our Soveraign Lord,
which now in place doth stand,
For evermore I banish thee,
out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on pain of Death,
when fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English Ground,
so long as life doth last.
Thus they were sworn before the King,
e're they did further pass,
The one should never come in place,
where as the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heavy hearts,
was parted presently
Their uncouth streams of froward Chance
of Foreign Lands to try.
The Duke of Norfolk coming then,
where he would shipping take,
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
and thus his moan did make:
Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
e're I from hence depart,
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my sore afflicted heart.
Ah cursed Man! whose loathed life,
is held so much in scorn,
Whose company is clean despis'd,
and left as one forlorn:
Now take thy leave and last adieu

of

of this thy Country dear,
Which never more thou must behold,
nor yet approach it near.
How happy should I account my self,
if Death my heart had torn;
That I might have my bones entomb'd,
where I was bred and born:
Or that by Neptune's wrathful rage,
I might be swift to dye:
Whilst that sweet England's pleasant Banks,
did stand before mine eye.
How sweet a scent hath English Ground,
within my senses now?
How fair unto my outward sight,
seems every branch and bough?
The fields and flowers, the streets and stones,
seems such unto my mind,
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall never find.
O that the Sun with shining face,
would stay his steed by strength,
That this same day might stretched be,
to twenty years in length:
And that the true performing Tyde,
her hasty course would stay;
That Eolus would never yield,
to bear me hence away.
That by the fountain of my eyes,
the fields might watered be,
That I might crave my grievous plaint,
upon each springing tree:
But Time I see with eagle's wings,
so swift doth flie away;
And dusky clouds begin to dim,
the brightness of the day:

The

The fatal hour draweth on,
the winds and tydes agree;
And now sweet England o'er soon,
I must depart from thee:
The Mariners have hoist sail,
and call to catch me in,
And now in woful heart I feel,
my torments to begin.
Wherefore farewel for evermore,
sweet England unto thee;
But farewel all my Friends which I
again shall never see:
And England here I kiss thy Ground,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby to shew to all the World,
how dearly I love thee.
This being said, away he went,
as Fortune did him guide,
And at the length with grief of heart,
in Venice there he dyed.
The noble Duke in doleful sort,
did lead his life in France;
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him full high advance.
The Lords of England afterwards,
did send for him again,
Whilst that King Richard at the Wars,
in Ireland did remain:
Who brought the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring;
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly crowned King.

VIII. The Noble Acts of Arthur, and the Knigh of the Round Table. Tune of, Flying Fame.

When Arthur first in Court began,
and was approved King,
By force of arms great victories won,
and conquest home did bring:
Then in Britain straight he came,
where fifty good and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table.
And many justs and turnaments,
before them that were dress,
Where valient Knights did then excel,
and far surmount the rest:
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excel;
When he had rested him a while,
to play, to game and sport,
He thought he would to try himself,
in some adventrous sort:
He armed rode in Forrest wide,
and met a Damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear:
Why should I not, quoth Lancelot, tho'
for that cause I came hither.
Thou seem'st, quoth she, a Knight right good
and I will bring thee thither;
Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great fame;

Then

Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your name?
My name is Lancelot du Lake.
Quoth she, It likes me than,
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e're matcht with any Man;
Who has in prison threescore Knights
and four that he has wound;
Knights of King Arthur's Court they be,
and of his Table round.
She brought him to a river side,
and also to a tree,
Whereon a copper-bason hung,
his Fellows shields to see:
He struck so hard, the bason broke;
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a Horse before him streight,
whereon a Knight lay bound:
Sir Knight, then said Sir Lancelot though,
bring me that Horse-load hither;
And lay him down and let him rest,
we'll try our force together:
And as I understand thou hast,
so far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
the Knights of the Round Table.
If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth Tarquin speedily)
Both thee, and all thy Fellowship,
I utterly defie.
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot though,
defend thee by and by.
They put their spurs unto their steeds,
and each at other flie;

They couch't their spears, and horses ran
as though there had been thunder,
And each struck them amidst the shield,
where with they broke in sunder:
Their horses backs break under them,
the Knights were both astonʼd;
To void their horses they made great hast,
to fight upon the ground:
They took them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out then,
With mighty stroaks most eagerly
each at other run:
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords a while,
quoth Tarquin, Hold thy hand;
And tell to me what I shall ask.
Say on, quoth Lancelot though.
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best Knight
that ever I did know:
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth Lancelot then,
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show.
His name is Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my Brother dear;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,

Now Knight of Arthur's Table round,
kind Haud's Son of Seuwake;
And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin, though
One of us two shall end our lives,
before that we do go,
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be,
Wherefore see thou thy self defend,
for now I defie thee.
They buckled together so,
like two wild Boars rushing,
And with their swords and shields they ran
at one another flashing:
The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
For he gave back, and bore his shield
so low he did repent:
Then soon 'spied Sir Lancelot though,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
and rushing of his helm,
And then he struck his neck in two,
and when he had done so,
From prison, threescore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered though.

A Song in Praise of Women. To a pleasant new Tune, call'd, My Valentine.

Among all other things
That God hath made beneath the sky,
Most glorious to satisfie the curious eye
of mortal Men withal;

The sight of Eve
Did soonest fit his fancy,
Whose courtesie and amity most speedily
had caught his heart in thrall;
Whom he did love so dear,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the World,
and Mistress of his heart;
Tho' afterwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart.
What need I speak
Of matters passed long ago, [or Lo
Which all men know I need not show, to Hi
the case is so plain,
Altho' that Eve committed then so great,
E're she went hence,
A Recompence, in defence,
she made Mankind again:
For by her blessed Seed,
we are redeem'd indeed.
Why should not then, all mortal Men,
esteem of Women well?
And love their Wives, even as their lives,
as Nature doth compel?
A virtuous Wife
The Scripture doth commend, and say
That night and day, she is a stay from all de
to keep her Husband still;
She useth not
To give herself a wandring,
Or flattering, or prattling, or any thing
to do her Neighbour ill:
But all her mind is bent
his pleasure to content;

Her faithful love doth not remove
for any storm or grief:
Then is not he well blest, think ye,
that meets with such a Wife?
But now methinks
I hear some Men do say to me,
Few such there be, in each degree and quality,
at this day to be found;
And now a-days
Some Men do set their whole delight,
both day and night, with all despite to brawl
their rage doth so abound: [and fight,
But sure I think and say,
here comes no such to day;
For do I know of any she,
that is within that place,
And yet for fear, I dare swear,
it is so hard a case.
But to conclude,
For Maids, and Wives, and Virgins all,
both great or small, in bower or hall, to pray
so long as life doth last, [I shall
That they may live,
With hearts content, and perfect peace,
That joys increase, may never cease, till death
the care that crept so fast: [release
For beauty doth me bind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her sake, that doth us make
so merry to be seen:
The Glory of the Female Kind,
I mean our noble Queen.

X. A Song in Praise of a Single Life. To the Tune of, The Ghost's Hearse.

SOme do write of bloody wars,
Some do sew the several jars,
'twixt Man, through envy raised.
Some in praise of Princes write,
Some set their whole delight
to hear fair Beauty blazed:
Some other Persons are mov'd,
for to praise where they are lov'd;
And let Lovers praise beauty as they will,
otherways I am intended;
True love is little regarded,
And often goes unrewarded:
Then to avoid all strife,
I'll resolve to lead a single life,
whereby the heart is not offended,
O what suit and service too.
Is used by them that wooe!
O what grief in heart and mind,
What sorrow we do find,
Through Woman's fond behaviour!
Subject to suffer each hour,
and speeches sharp and sower,
And labour, love, and cost, perchance 'tis but all lost,
and no way to be amended,
And so purchase pleasure,
And after repent at leisure;
Then to avoid all strife, &c.
To Man in wedded state,
Doth happen much debate,
except God's special favour;

If his Wife he proudly bent,
Or secretly consent
to any lewd behaviour:
If she be loathful or idle,
Or such as her tongue cannot bridle,
Oh then well were he,
If Death his bane would be;
no sorrow else can be amended,
for look how long he were living,
ever more he would be grieving;
Then to avoid all strife, &c.
Parted Folks we often hear,
Even through their Children dear,
have many causes of sorrow;
If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,
by their unlawful sorrows;
To see such wicked Fellows,
Shamefully come unto the gallows,
Whom Parents with great care
Nourished with dainty fare,
from their cradle truly tended;
When as their Mothers before them,
Doth curse the day that e're they bore them;
Then to avoid all strife, &c.
Do we then behold and see,
When Men and Wives agree,
and live together;
Where the Lord hath sent them the,
Fair Children mild and meek,
like flowers in Summer-weather:
How greatly are they grieved,
And will not by joy be relieved,
If that Death doth call,

Either Wife or Children ſmall,
whom their virtues do commend,
Their loſſes whom they thus added,
From their hearts cannot be moved;
Then to avoid all ſtrife, &c.
Who being in that happy ſtate,
Would work himſelf ſuch hate,
his fancy for to follow?
Or living here devoid of ſtrife,
Would take him to a Wife,
for to procure his ſorrow,
With carping and with caring,
Evermore muſt be fearing,
Were he not worſe then mad,
being merry, would be ſad?
Were he to be commended,
That e'er would ſeek much pleaſure,
where grief is all his treaſure?
Then to avoid all ſtrife, &c.

XI. The Widow's Solace. To the Tune of, Robinſon Almain.

MOurn no more fair Widow,
thy tears all in vain,
'Tis neither grief nor ſorrow,
can call the Dead again:
Man's well enough compared
unto the Summer's flower,
Which now is fair and pleaſant,
yet withereth in an hour:
And mourn no more in vain,
as one whoſe faith is ſmall;
Be patient in affliction,
and give God thanks for all.

All

All Men are born to dye,
the Scripture telleth plain;
Of Earth we were created,
to Earth we must again:
'Twas neither Crœsus treasure,
nor Alexander's fame,
Nor Solomon by wisdom,
that could Death's fury tame;
No Physick might preserve them,
when Nature did decay;
What Man can hold for ever,
the thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.
Though you have lost your Husband,
your Comfort in distress;
Consider God regardeth
the Widow's heaviness:
And hath strictly charged,
such as his Children be,
The Fatherless and Widow
to shield from injury:
Then mourn no more, &c.
If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee,
Doubt not but there's in England
enough as good as he:
But if that such affection,
within his heart was none;
Then give God praise and glory,
that he is dead and gone:
And mourn no more, &c.
Receive such Suitors friendly,
as do resort to thee,
Respect not the outward Person,
but the inward gravity:

And with advised judgment,
chuse him above the rest.
Whom thou by proof hast tryed,
and found to be the best.
Then mourn no more, &c.
Then shalt thou live a life
exempt from all annoy;
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God give thee joy:
And thus I make an end,
with true humility;
In hope my simple solace,
may well excepted be:
Then mourn no more, &c.

XII. A Gentlewoman's Complaint, against her faithless Friend, &c.

FAith is a figure standing now for nought,
Faith is a fancy we ought to cast in thought,
Faith now adays, as all the World may see,
Resteth in few, and faith is fled from thee:
Is there any faith in Strangers to be found?
Is there any faith lies hidden in the ground?
Is there any faith in Men that buried be?
No, there is none; and faith is fled from thee.
Fled is the faith that might remain in any,
Fled is the faith that should remain in many,
Fled is the faith that should in some be;
Then farewel hope, for faith is fled from thee.
From faith I see that every one is flying,
From faith I see that all things are a dying;
They from faith, that most in faith should be,
And faithless thou, that brake thy faith to me:

The

Thee have I sought, but thee I could not find,
Thou of all others was most within my mind;
Thee have I left, and I alone will be,
Because I find that faith is fled from thee.

XIII. Of the Prince of England, who wooed the King's Daughter of France, &c. To the Tune of, Crimson Velvet.

IN the days of old,
when fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
beauteous, fair, and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only Joy:
A Prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
he woo'd her long, and loe at last,
Luck what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her Father proved,
To o how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind;
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
Fortune crossed Lovers kind.
When as these Princely Twain,
were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the King's disdain,
which their joys withstood,
The Lady lockt up close,
her jewels and her treasure,

Having no remorse
of State or Royal Blood:
In homely poor array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her Love and Heart's Delight;
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken up his seat,
to wait her coming in the night:
But see what sudden danger,
To this Princely Stranger,
chanced as he sat alone;
By Out-laws he was robbed,
And with poniard stabbed,
uttering many dying groan;
The Princess armed by him,
and by true desire,
Wanding all that night,
without dread at all:
Still unknown she past,
in her strange attire,
Coming at the last,
within Echoe's call,
You fair woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my Heart's Delight,
Which doth incompass here,
My Joy and only Dear,
my trusty Friend and comely Knight;
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to woo thee,
that thou may'st not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all I'll make to thee.

Falling

Passing thus alone,
through the silent forrest,
many a grevous groan
sounded in her ear,
Where she heard a Man
to lament the sorest
Chance that ever came,
forc'd by deadly strife;
Farewel my Dear, quoth he,
whom I shall never see,
for why, my life is at an end;
For thy sweet sake I die,
Though Villians cruelty,
to shew I am a faithful Friend,
here lie I a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding,
on the rarest Beauty found;
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my heart-blood lies on the ground.
With that he gave a groan,
that brake asunder
All the tender strings
of his gentle heart;
She who knew his voice,
at his tale did wonder,
All her former joys,
did to grief convert:
Straight she ran to see,
Who this Man should be,
that so like her Love did speak;
And found when as she came,
her lovely Lord lay slain,
smear'd in blood, which like did break.

Which

Which when that she espyed,
Lord how sore she cried,
her sorrows could not counted be;
Her eyes like fountains running,
While she cry'd out, My Darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thee.
His pale lips, alas,
twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash
with her brinish tears.
Every bleeding wound,
her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
with her golden hair;
Speak fair Prince to me,
one sweet word of comfort give;
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Listen to my cries,
think in what great grief I live.
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
the Prince's life was fled and gone:
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Sun's approaching,
and bright day was coming on.
In this great distress,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now express,
what will become of me?
To my Father's Court
never will I wander,
But some service seek,
where I may placed be.
Whilst she thus made her moan,

Weeping all alone,
in this deep and deadly fear,
A Forrester all in green,
most comely to be seen,
ranging the wood, did find her there;
Round belet with sorrow,
Said, quoth he, good-morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden ever,
here lies slain my Brother dear.
Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forrester, tell me,
Where might I procure
a service in my need?
Pains I will not spare,
but will do my duty;
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire;
If, fair Maid, quoth he,
you will go with me,
you shall have your heart's desire.
He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other
he set forth this Maiden's praise;
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
so Fortune did his glory raise.
Thus unknown he match'd
with the King's fair Daughter;
Children seven he had,

e're

e're she to him was known;
But when he understood
she was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last
he shewed forth her fame,
He cloth'd his Children then,
Not like other Men,
in party colours strange to see,
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold
of woollen cloth still framed he.
Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder
this strange deed in every place;
The King he coming thither,
Being pleasant weather,
in the woods the hart to chase;
The Children there did stand,
as their Father willed,
Where the Royal King
must of force come by;
Their Father richly clad
in fair crimson velvet;
Their Father all in gray,
most comely to the eye.
When this famous King,
Noting every thing,
did ask him how he durst be so bold,
To let his Wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly robes of pearl and gold?
The Forrester bold replied,
And the cause descryed,
and to the King he thus did say,

Well may they by their Mother,
Wear rich gold like other,
being by birth a Princes gay.
The King upon these words,
more heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
his conceit did cross:
The more I look (quoth he)
upon thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to mind
my Daughter whom I lost.
I am that Child (quoth she)
falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soveraign Liege.
The King perceiving this,
his Daughter dear did kiss,
till joyful tears did stop his speech:
With his Train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight he dubb'd her Husband Knight;
He made him Earl of Flanders,
One of his cheif Commanders;
thus was their sorrow put to flight.

XIV. Of the faithful Friendship between two faithful Friends. To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

IN stately Rome sometimes did dwell
a Man of noble Fame,
Who had a Son of seemly shape,
Alphonso was his name:
When he was grown and come to age;
his Father thought it best,
To send his Son to Athens fair,

where Wisdom's School did rest.
And when he was to Athens come,
good Leaures for to learn,
A place to board him with delight,
his Friends did well discern;
A noble Knight of Athens Town,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a Son Ganselo call'd,
full of his pitch and age;
In stature and in person both,
in favour, speech and face,
In quality and conditions eke,
they 'greed in every place:
So like they were in all respects,
the one unto the other,
They were not known, but by their names,
of Father or of Mother.
And as in favour they were found
alike in all respects,
Even so they did most dearly love,
and prove by good effects:
Ganselo lov'd a Lady fair,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in Beauty Peerless found,
so far she did excel.
Upon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him move,
That he would visit, for delight,
his Lady and his Love;
And to his true and faithful Friend
he declared the same,
Asking of him if he would see
that fair and comely Dame.
Alphonso did thereto agree,

and

and with Ganſelo went
To ſee the Lady which he lov'd,
which bred his diſcontent:
But when he caſt his cryſtal eyes
upon her Angel's hue,
The beauty of that Lady bright,
did ſtrait his heart ſubdue:
His gentle heart ſo wounded was,
with that fair Lady's face,
That afterwards he daily liv'd
in ſad and woful caſe;
And of his grief he knew not how
therefore to make an end,
For that he knew the Lady's love
was yielded to his Friend.
Thus being ſore perplext in mind,
upon his bed he lay,
The one which death and deep deſpair
had almoſt worn away:
His Friend Ganſelo that did ſee
his grief and great diſtreſs,
At length requeſted for to know
his cauſe of heavineſs.
With much ado, at length he told
the truth unto his Friend;
Who did relieve his inward woe,
with comfort to the end:
Take courage then, dear Friend, quoth he,
though the enjoy love be mine;
My right I will reſign to thee,
the Lady ſhall be thine:
We know our favours are alike,
our ſpeech alſo likewiſe;
This day in mine apparel

you shall yourself disguise,
And unto Church then shall you go
direcly in my stead;
Lo, though my Friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.
Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they decréd,
He went that day and wedded plain
the Lady there indéed:
But when the Nuptial-feast was done,
and Phœbus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo took
Alphonso to her bed.
That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Poast for fair Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainly prov'd,
Alponso wedded was,
And not Ganselo, to that Dame;
which brought great woe, alas.
Alphonso being gone to Rome,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganselo's Friends and Kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they deprivd him of his wealth,
his land and rich attire,
And banish'd him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathful ire.
With sad ans pensive thoughts, alas,
Ganselo wandred then;
Who was constrain'd, through want, to beg
relief of many Men.
In this distress oft would he say,

To Rome I mean to go.
To ſeek Alphonſo, my dear Friend,
who will relieve my woe.
To Rome when poor Ganſelo came,
and found Alphonſo's place,
Which was ſo famous, huge and fair,
himſelf in ſuch poor caſe,
He was aſham'd to ſhew himſelf,
in that his poor array,
ſaying, Alphonſo knows me well,
if he would come this way.
Therefore he ſtaid within the ſtreet;
Alphonſo then came by,
But heeding not Ganſelo poor,
his Friend that ſtood ſo nigh:
Which griev'd Ganſelo to the heart,
quoth he, And is it ſo?
Doth proud Alphonſo now diſdain
his Friend indeed to know?
In deſperate ſort away he went,
into a barn hard by,
And preſently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to die:
And bitterly in ſorrow there,
he did lament and weep,
And being over-weighed with grief,
he there fell faſt aſleep.
While ſoundly there he ſweetly ſlept,
come in a murthering Thief,
And ſaw a naked knife lye by
this Man ſo full of grief;
The knife ſo bright he took up ſtrait,
and went away amain,
And thruſt it in a murthered Man,

which

which before he had slain.
And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from strife:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
and when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody knife,
was for the murther laid,
And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confess most plain,
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murthered Man had slain:
Alphonso sitting there as Judge,
and knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his Friend, did say himself
was guilty in that case.
None, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the Man,
my Lord, but only I;
And therefore let this poor Man free,
and let me justly die:
Thus while for death these faithful Friends,
in striving did proceed,
The Man before the Senate came,
that did the fact indeed:
Who being moved with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see,
Did say before the Judges plain,
none did the fact but he.
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides joy was seen;
Alphonso did embrace his Friend,
which had so woful been:
In rich array he cloathed him,

...fitted his degree,
...d helpt him to his Lands again,
and former Dignity.
...he Murtherer for telling truth,
had pardon at that time,
...ho afterwards lamented much,
his foul and grievous crime.

The End of the First PART.

The Garland of Good-will.

The Second Part.

I. A Paſtoral Song. To the Tune of, Hey ho Holiday, &c.

UPon a down where Shepherds keep,
piping pleaſant Lays,
Two Country Maids were keeping ſheep,
and ſweetly chanted Roundelays:
Three Shepherds each an oaten-reed,
blaming Cupid's cruel wrong,
Unto theſe Rural Nymps agreed,
to keep a tuneful Under-ſong.
And ſo they were in number five,
Muſick's number ſweet,
And we the like let us contribe,
to ſing their ſong in order meet;
Fair Phillis's part I take to me,
the 'gainſt loving Hinds complains;
And Amarillis thou ſhalt be,
the defends the Shepherd ſwains:
Ph. Fye on the ſlights that Men deviſe;
Sh. Hey ho, ſilly ſlights:
P. When ſimple Maids they would intice,
S. Maidens are young Mens chief Delights:
A. Nay, Women then which with their eyes,
S. Eyes like beams of burning Sun:
A. And Men once caught they ſoon deſpiſe,

S. So

So are Shepherds oft undone.
If any young Man win a Maid,
happy Man is he;
By trusting him she is betray'd,
Fye upon such treachery:
If Maids which young Men with their
Hey ho, hey ho, guiltless grief, [guiles,
They deal like weeping Crocodiles,
That murther Men without relief.
I know a silly Country Hind,
Hey ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
To whom fair Daphne proved kind;
Was he not kind to her again?
He vow'd to Pan with many an oath,
Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he;
Yet since he hath chang'd and broke's truth;
Troth plight broke, will plagued be.
She had deceived many a Swain,
Fye upon false deceit;
And plighted troth to them in vain,
There can be no grief more great.
Her measure was with measure paid,
Hey ho, hey ho, equal need;
She was beguil'd that was betray'd,
So shall all Deceivers speed.
If every Maid were like to me,
Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!
Both Love and Lovers scorn'd should be:
Scorners should be sure of smart.
If every Maid were of my mind,
Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet,
They to their Lovers should prove kind:
Kindness is for Maidens meet.
Methinks Love is an idle toy,

S. Hey

S. Hey ho, hey ho, buſie pain;
P. Both Wit and Senſe it doth annoy;
S. Both Wit and Senſe thereby we gain.
A. Tuſh Phillis, ceaſe, be not ſo coy:
P. Hey ho, hey ho, my diſdain!
A. I know you love a Shepherd's Boy:
S. Fye on that Woman ſo can feign.
P. Well, Amarillis, now I yield;
S. Shepherds ſweetly pipe aloud;
P. Love conquers both in Town and Field;
S. Like a Tyrant fierce and proud.
A. The Evening-ſtar is up we ſee,
S. Veſper ſhines, we muſt away;
P. Would every Lady would agree:
S. So we end our Roundelay.

II. Of Patient Griſſel and a Noble Marqueſs. To the Tune of, The Bride's Good-morrow.

A Noble Marqueſs as he did ride a hunting,
hard by a river ſide,
A proper Maiden, as ſhe did ſit a ſpinning,
his gentle eye eſpy'd;
Moſt fair and lovely, and of comely grace was ſhe,
although in ſimple attire; [diouſly:
She ſang moſt ſweet with pleaſant voice melo-
The more he look't, the more he might,
Beauty bred his Heart's delight;
and to this Damſel he went,
God ſpeed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,
Fair Miſtreſs of this homely bower, [tent.
Where Love and Vertue lives with ſweet con-
With comely geſture, and modeſt mild behavi-
ſhe bad him welcome then; [our,

Sye

She entertain'd him in faithful friendly manner,
and all his Gentlemen.
The noble Marquels in his heart felt such flame
which set his senses all at strife;
Quoth he, Fair Maiden, shew soon what is thy [name:
I mean to take thee to my Wife.
Griffel is my name, quoth she,
far unfit for your Degree,
a silly Maiden, and of Parents poor:
Nay Griffel, thou art rich he said,
Vertuous, fair, and comely Maid;
grant me thy love, and I will ask no more.
At length she consented, and being both content-[ed,
they married were with speed; [bet,
Her Country russet, was turn'd to silk and vel-
as to her State agreed:
And when that she was trimly tired in the same,
her beauty shin'd most bright;
far staining every other brave and comely [Dame,
that did appear in her sight:
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor, [raise:
and 'twixt her Lord and her great strife did
Some said this, and some said that;
Some did call her Beggar's Brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.
O noble Marquels, quoth they, why do you
thus basely for to wed; [wrong us,
That might have got an honourable Lady,
into your Princely bed:
Who will not now your noble Issue still deride,
which shall be hereafter born;
That are of blood so base by the Mother's side,
the which will bring them to scorn:

But

Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Linage may renowned be;
Thus every day they seem'd to prate,
That malic'd Grissel's good estate,
who took all this most mild and patiently.
When that the Marquess did see that they were [bent thus
against his faithful Wife,
Who most dearly, tenderly, and intirely
he loved as his life: [heart,
Minding in secret for to prove her patient
thereby her Foes to disgrace;
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that Men might pitty her case:
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
two goodly Children at one birth she had,
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content, [glad,
and which did make their Mother's heart full
Great Royal feasting were at the Childrens
and Princely triumph made, [christning,
Six weeks together, all Nobles that came thi-
were entertain'd and staid: [ther,
And when that all these pleasant sportings quite
the Marquess a Messenger sent [were done,
For his young Daughter, and his pretty smil-
declaring his full intent, [ing Son,
How that the Babes must murthered be,
For so the Marquess did decree:
Come let me have the Children, he said;
With that fair Grissel wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more,
My gracious Lord must have his will obey'd.

She

She took the Babies from the Nursing-Ladies,
between her tender arms,
She often wishes, with many sorrowful kisses,
that she might help their harms;
Farewel, quoth she, my Children dear,
never shall I see you again;
'Tis long of me, your sad and woful Mother
for whose sake you must be slain: [dear,
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy ease,
but now you must die for my unworthyness;
Come Messenger of Death, quoth she,
Take my despised Babes to thee,
and to their Father my complaints express.
He took the Children, and to his noble Master
he brought them forth with speed;
Who secretly sent them unto a noble Lady
to be nurst up indeed:
Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he goes,
where she sat mildly all alone,
A pleasant gesture, and a lovely look she shews,
as if grief she had never known:
Quoth he, My Children now are slain,
What thinks fair Grissel of the same?
Sweet Grissel now declare thy mind to me.
Sith you my Lord are pleas'd with it,
Poor Grissel thinks the action fit,
both I and mine at your command will be.
The Nobles murmur, fair Grissel at thy honour,
and if no joy can have,
Till thou be banish'd from my Court and pre-
sence,
they unjustly crave: [sence,
Thou must be stript out of thy Stately gar-
ments,
and as thou camest to me,

In

In homely gray, instead of silk and purest pall,
now all thy cloathing must be:
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me sore,
the poorest life must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
'gainst my Grissel such great Foes I find.
When gentle Grissel heard these woful tydings,
the tears stood in her eyes,
She nothing said, no words of discontment
did from her lips arise:
Her velvet gown most patiently she stript off,
her girdle of silk of the same;
Her russet gown was brought 'gain with many a scoff,
to bear them all herself did frame:
When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,
God send long life unto my Lord, quoth she;
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting-kiss,
with watry eyes, Farewel, my Dear, quoth he.
From stately Pallace unto her Father's Cottage,
poor Grissel now is gone;
Full fifteen winters she liv'd there contented,
no wrong she thought upon;
And at that time tho' all the Land the speeches went,
the Marquess should married be
Unto a noble Lady of high Descent,
and to the same all Parties did agree:
The Marquess sent for Grissel fair,
The Bride's bed-chamber to prepare,
that nothing should therein be found away;
The Bride was with her Brother come,

Which

Which was Great Joy to all and some;
and Grissel took all this most patiently;
And in the morning when that they should be wedded,
her patience now was try'd,
Grissel was charged, in princely manner
for to attire the Bride:
Most willingly she gave consent unto the same,
the Bride in her bravery was drest,
And presently the noble Marquels thither came,
with all the Ladies at his request:
Oh Grissel, I would ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wou'dst agree,
methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy.
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel she replies the while,
God send Lord Marquels many years of joy.
The Marquels was moved, to see his best Beloved
thus patient in distress,
he stept unto her, and by the hand he took her,
these words he did express,
Thou art the Bride, and all the Brides I mean to have,
these two thy own Children be;
The youthful Lady on her knees did blessing crave,
the Brother as willing as she:
And you that envy her estate,
whom I have made my loving Mate,
now blush for shame, and honour vertuous life,
The Chronicles of lasting Fame,
shall evermore extol the name
of Patient Grissel, my most constant Wife.

III. A pleasant Dialogue between Plain Truth and Blind Ignozance.

Truth.] GOd speed you ancient Father,
and give you a good day,
What is the cause, I pray you,
so sadly here you stay?
And that you keep such gazing,
on this decaped place?
The which for Superstition,
good Princes down did raze.
Ignorance.] Thill tell thee by my bazen,
that zometimes che have known,
A bair and goodly Abbey,
stand here of brick and stone:
And many holy Urier,
as ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly Cloysters,
che did full often zee.
Truth.] Then I must tell thee, Father,
in truth and verity,
A sozt of gre ter Hypocrites,
thou could'st not likely see:
Deceiving of the Simple,
with false and feigned Lies;
But such an Order, truly,
Christ did never devise.
Ign.] Ah, ah, che zmell thee now Man,
che no well what thou art;
A Fellow of mean Learning,
che wis not worth a dart:
Vor when we had the old Law,
a merry World was then,

And

And every thing was plenty,
among all sorts of Men.
Truth.] Thou giv'st me an answer,
as did the Jews sometimes,
Unto the Prophet Jeremy,
when he accus'd their Crimes:
'Twas merry (said the People)
and joyful in our Realm,
Which did offer Spice-cakes
unto the Queen of Heaven.
Ign.] Thell tell thee what, Good fellow,
before the Vicar's went hence,
A Bushel of the best Wheat
was sould for fourteen pence:
And fifty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new;
And this I'e say myself have seen,
and yet ich am no Jew.
Truth.] Within the Sacred Bible,
we find it written plain,
The latter Days should troublesome
and dangerous be, certain;
That we should be Self-lovers,
and Charity wax cold;
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the Griefs to hold.
Ign.] Thill tell thee my Opinion plain,
and thoul that well perknew,
Ich care not for the Bible book,
'tis too big to be true:
Our blessed Lady's Psalter,
shall for my money go;
Such pritty Prayers as there be,
the Bible cannot show.

And

Truth.] Now hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Book indeed,
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit
that Book indited was,
And not by simple Parsons,
as is the foolish Mass.
Ign.] Cham sure they are not foolish,
that made the Mass che trow;
Why Man? 'tis all in Latin,
and Fools no Latin know:
Were not our Fathers wise Men,
and they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
to hear the Tinkling-bell?
Truth.] But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee,
Have want the Light that you have,
and could it never see:
For what art thou the better,
a Latin Song to hear,
And understandest nothing,
that they sing in thee Quire?
Ign.] O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
the Noise was passing trim,
To hear the Friar's singing,
as we did enter in:
And then to see the Rood loft
so bravely set with Saints,
And now to see them wanting,
my heart with Sorrow faints.
Truth.] The Lord did give Commandment,
no Image thou should'st make,

For that unto Idolatry
you would yourself betake:
The Golden Calf of Israel,
Moses did therefore spoil,
And Baal's Priests and Temple,
he brought to utter Foil.
Sign.] But our Lady of Walsingham,
was a pure and holy Saint,
And many Men, in Pilgrimage,
did shew to her Complaint:
Yea, with sweet Thomas Becket,
and many others mo,
The holy Maid of Kent likewise,
did many Wonders show.
Truth.] Such Saints are well agreeing
to your Profession sure;
And to the Men that made them,
so precious and so pure:
The one was found a Traytor,
and judged worthy death;
The other ebe for Treason,
did end his hateful breath.
Sign.] Yea, yea, it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will;
But sure they did much Goodness,
would they were with us still:
We had our Holy Water,
and Holy Bread likewise,
And many Holy Reliques,
we saw before our eyes.
Truth.] And all this while they fed you
with vain and sundry Shows,
Which never Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knows;

Search then the Holy Scriptures,
and you shall plainly see
That headlong to Damnation,
they always trained thee.
Ign.] If it be true, Good-fellow,
as thou dost say to me;
Then to my Saviour Jesus,
alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
and Passion of his Son,
And with the subtil Papists,
ich have for ever done.

IV. The Overthrow of Proud Holofernes, and the Triumph of Vertuous Queen Judith.

When King Nebuchadnezzar
was puffed up with Pride,
He sent forth many Men of War
by Holofernes guide;
To plague and spoil the World throughout
by fierce Bellona's Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God.
Which when the Holy Israelites
did truly understand,
For to prevent this Tyranny,
they fortified their Land;
Their Towns and stately Cities strong
they did with Victuals store;
Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd
their furious Foe to gore.
When stately Holofernes then
had knowledge of that thing,

The

That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King;
Quoth he, What God is able now
to keep these Men from me?
Is there a Greater than our King,
whom all Men fear to see?
Come, march with me, therefore, he said,
my Captains every one;
And first unto Bethulia
with speed let us be gone:
I will destroy each Mother's Son,
that is within the Land,
Their God shall not deliver them
out of my furious Hand.
Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then,
On for he planted up and down
an hundred thousand Men;
Twelve thousand more on Horses brave,
about the Town had he:
He stopt their Springs and Water-pipes
to work their Misery.
When four and thirty Days they had
with Mars besieged been,
The poor Bethulians at that time
so thirsty then were seen,
That they were like to starve and die,
they were both weak and faint;
The People against the Rulers cry,
and this was their Complaint:
Better it is for us, quoth then,
to yield unto our Foe,
Than by this great and grievous Thirst,
to be destroyed so:

Defender up the Town therefore,
we are forsaken quite;
There is no means to escape their Hands,
who might escape their Might:
When as their grievous Rulers heard
the Clamours which they made,
God People be content, said they,
and be no whit dismayd;
Yet five Days stay in hope of Health,
God will reward your Woe:
But if by then no Succour come,
we'll yield unto our Foe.
When Judith, prudent princely Dame,
had Tydings of this thing,
Which was Manesses's beautious Wife,
that sometimes was their King,
Why tempt ye God so sore, she said,
before all Men this Day,
Whom mortal Men in Conscience ought
to fear and eke obey?
If you will grant me leave, quoth she,
to pass abroad this Night,
To Holofernes I will go,
for all his furious Might:
But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me:
Go then in Peace, fair Dame, they said,
and God be still with thee.
When she from them was gotten home,
within her Palace gate,
She called to her chiefest Maid,
that on her then did wait:
Bring me my best Attire, quoth she,
and Jewels of fine Gold,

My wash me with the finest Balms,
that are for Silver sold.
The fairest and the richest Robe,
that then she did posses,
Upon her dainty Corpse she put,
and eke her Hair did dress
With costly Pearls, and precious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold;
That like an Angel she did seem,
most sweet for to behold:
A Pot of sweet and pleasant Oil,
she took with her that time,
A Bagg of Figgs, and fine Wheat-flower,
a Bottle of fine Wine;
Because she would not eat with them,
that worship Gods of Stone;
And from the City thus she went,
with one poor Maid alone.
Much ground, alas, she had not gone,
out of her own City;
But that the Centinels espy'd
a Woman wondrous pritty:
From whence came you, fair Maid, quoth they,
and where walk you so late?
From yonder Town, good Sirs, quoth she,
unto your Lord of high Estate.
When they did mark and view her well,
and saw her fair Beauty;
And therewithal her rich Array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so fair a Dame to see,
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high Degree;

An hundred proper chosen Men,
they did appoint likewise,
To wait on Princely Judith there,
whose Beauty clear'd their eyes:
And all the Soldiers running came,
to view her as she went,
And thus with her they past along,
unto the General's Tent.
Then came his Stately Gaurd in haste,
fair Judith for to meet;
And to their High renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet:
And then before his Honour,
upon her Knee she fell,
Her Beauty bright made him to muse,
so far she did excel.
Rise up, renowned Dame, quoth he,
the Glory of that Kind,
And be no wit adaght at all,
to shew to me thy Mind:
When she had uttered her Intent,
her Wit amaz'd them all,
And Holofernes therewith,
by love, was brought to Thrall.
And bearing in his lofty Breast
the Flames of hot Desire,
He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require:
Each Night therefore he gave her leave
to walk abroad to Pray;
According to her own Request,
which she had made that Day.
When she in Camp had three Days been
near Holofernes's Tent,

His

His chiefest Friend, Lord-treasurer,
unto her then he sent:
Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands
this Night your company.
Quoth she, I will not my dear Lord
in any thing deny.
A very great and sumptuous Feast
did Holofernes make,
Amongst the Lords and Knights,
and all for Judith's sake:
But of their Dainties in no case
would pleasant Judith taste;
Yet Holofernes merry was,
so near him she was plac'd.
And being very pleasantly
disposed at that time,
He drunk with them abundantly
of strong delicious Wine:
So that his Strength and Memory,
so far from him was fled,
They laid him down, and Judith then
was brought unto his Bed.
When all the Doors about were shut,
and every one was gone,
Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,
his Sword she 'spy'd anon:
Then down she took it presently,
to God for Strength she pray'd,
She cut his Head from's Shoulders quite,
and gave it to her Maid.
The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung over his Bed,
She took the same with her likewise,
with Holofernes's Head:

And thus thro' all the Court of Guards
she 'scaped clean away;
None did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth to Pray.
When she had past, escaped quite,
the Danger of them all,
And that she was come near unto
the besieged City's Wall:
Come, open me the Gates, quoth she,
our foe the Lord hath slain,
See here his Head within my Hand,
that bore so great a Fame.
Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,
that all Men might it 'spy,
And o're the City-wall forthwith,
they set it presently:
Then all the Soldiers in the Town
march'd forth in rich Array;
But soon their Foes 'spy'd their Approach,
for 'twas at break of Day.
Then running hastily to call
their General out of Bed;
They found his lifeless Body there,
but clean without a Head:
When this was known, all in amaze,
they fled away each Man;
They left their Tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.
Lo here, behold, how God provides
for them that in him trust,
When earthly Hopes is all in vain,
he takes us from the Dust:
How often hath our Judith sav'd
and kept us from Decay,

'Gainst

'Gainſt Holofernes and the Pope,
as may be ſeen this Day.

V. A Princely Ditty, in Praiſe of the Engliſh Roſe. Tranſlated out of the French.

AMongſt the Princely Paragons.
Bedeck with dainty Diamonds,
Within my Eye, none doth come nigh
the ſweet Red Roſe of England;
The Lillies paſs in bravery,
In Flanders, Spain, and Italy,
But yet the famous Flower of France,
doth honour the Roſe of England.
As I abroad was walking,
I heard the ſmall Birds talking;
And every one did frame her Song,
in praiſe of the Roſe of England:
The Lillies, &c.
Cæſar may vaunt of Victories,
And Crœſus of his Happineſs,
But he were bleſt, that may wear in his breaſt
the ſweet Red Roſe of England:
The Lillies, &c.
The braveſt Lute bring hither,
And let us ſing together,
Whilſt I do ring, on every ſtring,
the Praiſe of the Roſe of England:
The Lillies, &c.
The ſweet Perfumes and Spices,
The wiſe Men brought to Jeſus,
Did never ſmell, a quarter ſo well,
as doth the Roſe of England:
The Lillies, &c.

Then

Then fair and princely Flower,
That ever my heart doth power,
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of England:
The Lillies, &c.

VI. A Communication between Fancy and Desire.

COme hither, Shepherd's Swain.
Sir, What do you require?
I pray thee shew thy name?
My name is Fond Desire.
When wast thou born, Desire?
In pomp and pride of May.
By whom, sweet Child, wast thou begot?
Of fond Conceit, men say.
Tell me, who was thy Nurse?
Sweet youth, and lugred Joys.
What was thy Meat and dainty Food?
Sad Sighs and great Annoys.
What hadst thou for to drink?
Unsavory Lovers Tears.
What Cradle wast thou rocked in?
In Love devoid of Fears.
What lull'd thee then asleep?
Sweet Speech, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy Dwelling-place?
In gentle Hearts I rest.
What thing doth please thee most?
To gaze on Beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy Foe?
Disdain of my Good-will.
Doth Company displease?
Yea sure, many one.

Where

Where doth Desire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.
Doth either Time or Age
bring him into decay?
No, no, Desire both lives and dies
ten thousand times a Day.
Then fond Desires, farewel,
thou art no Meat for me;
I should loath to dwell
with such a one as thee.

The End of the Second PART.

The

The Garland of Good-will.

The Third Part.

I. A Maid's Choice 'twixt Age and Youth.

CRabbed Age and Youth
cannot live together;
Youth is full of Pleasure,
Age is full of Care:
Youth's like Summer's morn,
Age like Winter's weather;
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is wild, and Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold:
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee.
O my Love, my Love is young;
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shepherd hie thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.
Here I do attend,
arm'd by love and pleasure:
With my youthful Friend,
joyful for to meet:
Here I do wait,
for my only Treasure,

Venus

Venus lugred habit,
Fancy dainty sweet:
Like a loving Wife,
So I lead my life,
thirsting for my Heart's Desire;
Come sweet Youth, I pray,
Away old Man, away,
thou canst not give what I require:
For old Age I care not,
Come my Love and spare not,
Age is feeble, Youth is strong;
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.
Phœbus stay thy Steeds
o'er-swift running;
Drive not on so fast,
bright rispendent Sun:
For fair Daphne's sake,
now express thy cunning;
Pity on me take,
else I am undone;
Your hours swift of flight,
That waste with Titan's light,
and so consume the cheerful Day:
O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see;
O Youth thou dost so long delay:
Time will over-slip us,
And in pleasure trip us,
Come away therefore with speed:
I would not lose an hour,
For fair London's Tower,
Venus therefore help my need.

Flora's

Flora's banks are spread,
in their rich attire,
With their dainty violet,
and the primrose sweet:
Daisies white and red,
fitting Youth's desire,
Whereby the daffadilly,
and the cowslip meet;
All for Youth's behove,
Their fresh colours move,
in the meadows green and gay;
The birds with sweeter notes,
So strain their pretty throats,
to entertain my Love this way.
I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses,
would receive him by the hand:
If he gave not me a fall,
I would him Coward call,
and all unto my word would stand.
Lo, here he appears
like young Adonis,
Ready to set on fire
the chastest heart alive;
Jewel of my life,
welcome where thine one is,
Pleasant are thy looks,
sorrows to deprive;
Embracing thy Darling dear,
Without all doubtful fear;
on thy command I wholly rest,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree
and be not strange to my request;

To Youth I only yield,
Age fits not Venus field:
tho' I be conquer'd what care I,
In such a pleasant War,
Come meet me if you dare,
who first misliker, let them cry.

II. Song.

AS you came from the holy Land
of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true Love,
by the way as you came?
How should I know your true Love,
that have met many a one,
As I came from the holy Land,
that have come, that have gone?
She is neither white nor brown,
but as the Heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine,
on the Earth, in the Air.
Such a one did I meet (good Sir)
with Angel-like face,
Who like a Queen did appear,
in her gate, in her grace.
She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who sometimes lov'd me as her life,
and called me her own.
What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
and her Joy and thee make?
I have spent all my youth,
but now am old as you see,

Love liketh not the falling fruit,
from the withered tree:
For Love is a careless Child,
and forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is not deaf, when he list,
and in faith never fast.
For Love is a great Delight,
and pure affects Joy,
He is won with a word of despair,
and is lost with a toy;
Such is the love of Womankind;
or the word (Love) abused,
Under which many childish desires,
and conceits are excused.
But Love is a durable fire,
in the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
from it self never turning.

III. An excellent Song on the Winning of Calis, by the English.

LOng had the proud Spaniard
advanced to conquer us,
Threatning our Country
with fire and sword:
Often preparing
their Navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision
that Spain could afford:
Dub, a-dub, dub,
thus strikes the drums,
Tan-ta-ra, ra-ra-ra,
English Men comes.

To the Seas presently
went our Lord Admiral,
With Knights couragious,
and Captains full good;
The Earl of Essex,
a prosperous General,
With him prepared
to pass the Salt Flood:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
At Plymouth speedily
took they Ships valiantly,
Braver Ships never
were seen under sail:
With their fair colours spread,
and streamers o're their head;
Now braging Spaniards,
take heed of your tail.
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Into Cales cunningly,
came we most happily;
Where the King's Navy
did secretly ride,
Being upon their backs
piercing their butts of Sack,
Ere that the Spaniard
our coming discrip'd;
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English Men comes;
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
off went the Guns,
Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made in that place:

Then beacons was fired,
as need was required:
To hide their great treasure,
they had little space:
Alas, they cryed,
English Men comes.
There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired fast,
And how the Men drowned
themselves in the Sea:
That you might hear them cry,
wail and weep pitiously,
When as they saw no shift
to escape thence away:
Dub a-dub, &c.
The great Saint Phillip,
the Pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom,
and sunk into the Sea:
But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
and brought them away:
Dub a-dub, &c.
The Earl of Essex,
most valiant and hardy,
With Horse-men and Foot-men
marcht towards the Town:
The Enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did flye for their safeguard,
and durst not come down:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Now, quoth the noble Earl,
courage my Soldiers all,

fight and be valiant,
the Spoil you shall have:
And well rewarded all,
from the Great to the Small:
But look that the Women
and Children you save:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
The Spaniards at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight,
hung up their flags of Truce,
yelding up the Town:
We marcht in presently,
decking the Walls on high,
With our English Colours,
which purchased renown:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Entring the houses then
of the richest Men,
For gold and treasure
we searched each day:
In some places we did find
pye baking in the oven,
Meat at the fire roasting,
and Men ran away:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Full of rich merchandize
every shop we did see,
Damask, and sattins,
and velvet full fair;
Which Soldiers measure out
by the length of their swords,
Of all commodities,
and each one had a share:
Dub, a-dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave General
Marcht to the Market-place,
there he did ſtand;
There many Priſoners
of good account were took,
Many crav'd mercy,
and mercy they found:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
When as our General
ſaw they delayed time,
And would not ranſom
the Towns as they ſaid,
With their fair wainſcots,
their preſſes and bedſteads,
Their joynt-ſtools and tables,
a fire we made;
And when the Town burnt in a flame,
With tan ta-ra, ran-ta-ra-rat,
from thence we came.

IV. Of King Edward the Third, and the fair Countess of Salisbury, ſetting forth her Conſtancy and endleſs Glory.

When as Edward the Third did live,
the valiant King,
David of Scotland to rebel
did then begin:
The Town of Barwick ſuddenly
from us he won,
And burnt Newcaſtle to the ground,
thus ſtrife began:
To Roxbury Caſtle marcht he then,

And

And by the force of warlike Men,
besieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady,
While that her Husband was in France,
his Country's honour to advance,
the noble and famous Earl of Salisbury.
Brave Sir William Montague,
rode then in haste,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottish Men's boast:
Who like a Lyon in his rage,
did straightway prepare,
for to deliver that fair Lady,
from woful care:
But when the Scottish Men did hear for say,
Edward our King was come that way,
They rais'd their siege, and ran away with
So when that he did thither come, [speed,
With warlike trumpet, fife and drum
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.
Who when he did with greedy eye
behold and see,
her peerless beauty that all'd
his Majesty:
And ever the longer that he look'd,
the more he might;
for in her only beauty was
his heart's delight.
And humbly then upon her knee,
she thank'd his Royal Majesty,
that he had given danger from her gate.
Lady, quoth he, stand up in peace,
Although my war doth now encrease,
God keep (quoth he) all harm from your State.
Now is the King full sad in soul,

and wots not why,
And for the love of the fair Countess
of Salisbury.
She little knowing his cause of grief,
did come to see,
Wherefore his Highness sate alone
so heavily;
I have been wrong'd, fair Dame, quoth he,
Since I came hither unto thee:
No, God forbid, my Sovereign, she said,
If I were worthy for to know
The cause and ground of this your woe,
you should be helpt, if it did lye in me.
Swear to perform thy word to me,
thou Lady gay,
To thee the sorrows of my heart
I will bewray.
I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,
I will (quoth she,)
And let my Lord have no mistrust
at all in me.
Then take thyself aside, he said,
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd;
wounding a King with thy bright shining eye,
If thou do then some mercy show,
Thou shalt expel a princely woe.
so shall I live or else in sorrow dye.
You have your will, my Soveraign Lord,
effectually;
Take all the leave that I can give
your Majesty.
But on thy beauty all my joys
have their above.
Take thou my beauty from my face,

my

my gracious Lord.
Did'ſt thou not promiſe to grant my will?
That I may, I will fulfil.
All then for my love, let my true love be ſeen.
My Lord your ſpeech I might reprove,
You promiſ'd me your love,
for that be longs unto your Queen.
But I ſuppoſe your Grace did this
only to try,
Whether a wanton tale might tempt
Dame Salisbury.
Not from yourſelf therefore, my Liege,
my Hope to ſtay;
But from your wanton tempting tale,
I go my way.
O turn again, my Lady bright!
Come talk with me my Heart's Delight!
go in to the Comfort of my penſive heart:
Here comes the Earl of Warwick, he,
The Father of this fair Lady,
my mind to him I mean for to impart.
Why is my Lord and Soveraign King,
ſo griev'd in mind?
Becauſe that I have loſt the thing
I cannot find.
What thing is that, my gracious Lord,
which you have loſt?
It is my heart, which is near dead,
betwixt fire and froſt.
Curſt be that fire and froſt too,
that cauſed this your Highneſs woe.
O Warwick! thou doſt wrong me very ſore,
in thy Daughter, noble Earl, [Pearl,
That Heaven-bright Lamp, thee peerleſs

which

which kills my heart, yet do I her adore.
If that be all (my gracious King)
that works your grief,
I will perswade the scornful Dame
to yield relief;
Never shall she my Daughter be,
if she refuse
The love and favour of a King,
may her excuse:
Thus wise Warwick went away,
But quite contrary he did say,
When as he did the beauteous Countess meet,
Well met, my Daughter (quoth he)
A message I must do to thee,
Our Royal King most kindly doth thee greet,
The King will die, let thou to him
do grant thy love.
To love, my Husband's love
I would remove.
It is right charity to love,
my Daughter dear,
But no true love so charitable
for to appear:
His Greatness may bear out the shame,
But his Kingdom cannot buy out the blame;
he craves thy love, that may bereave thy life:
It is my duty to move this,
But not thy honesty to yield, I wis.
I mean to dye a true unspotted Wife.
Now hast thou spoken, my Daughter deer,
as I would have;
Charity bears a golden name
unto the grave:
And when to thy wedded Lord
thou provest untrue,

Then

Then let my bitter curses still
thy Soul pursue:
Then with a smiling chear go thou,
As right and reason doth allow,
yet shew the King thou bearest no Strumpet's mind.
I go, dear Father, with a trice,
And by a slight of fine device
I'll cause the King confess that I'm not unkind.
Here comes the Lady of my life,
the King did say;
My Father bids me, Soveraign Lord,
your will obey;
And I content, if you will grant
one boon to me?
I grant it thee, my Lady fair,
whate're it be:
My Husband is alive you know,
First let me kill him e're I go,
and at your command I will ever be.
Thy Husband now in France doth rest.
No, no, he lies within my breast,
and being so nigh, he will my falshood see.
With that she started from the King,
and took her knife.
And desperately she thought to rid
herself of life:
The King he started from the chair,
her hand to stay:
O noble King, you have broke your word
with me this day.
Thou shalt not do this deed, quoth he,
Then never I will lie with thee;
No, then live still, and let me bear the blame,
Live in honour and high estate,
With the true Lord and wedded Mate,
I never will attempt this fact again.

V. The

V. The Spanish Lady's Love to an English Gentleman.

WIll you hear a Spanish Lady,
how she woo'd an English Man,
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
deck'd with Jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she,
And by Birth and Parentage
of high degree.
As his Prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye her faster,
by the liking of her eye;
In his courteous company
was all her joy;
To favour him, in any thing,
she was nor coy.
At last there came commandment,
for to set the Ladies free:
With their jewels still adorned,
none to do them injury:
Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind
captivity.
Gallant Captain, shew some pity,
to a Lady in distress,
Leave me not within the City
for to dye in heaviness:
Thou hast set this present day
my body free,
But my heart in prison strong
remains with thee.
How should thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou knowst thy Country's Foe?
Thy fair words makes me suspect thee,

for-

ſerpents are where flowers grow.
All the evil I think to thee,
moſt gracious Knight,
God grant unto myſelf the ſame
may fully light.
Bleſſed be the time and ſeaſon,
that you come on Spaniſh ground;
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle Foes we have found;
With our Cities you have won
our hearts each one,
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.
Reſt you ſtill (moſt gallant Lady)
reſt you ſtill and weep no more;
Of fair Lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous ſtore.
Spaniards fraught with jealouſie
we often find;
But Engliſh Men, throughout the World,
are counted kind.
Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
love is likewiſe my deſert:
Still to ſerve thee day and night
my mind is preſt;
The Wife of every Engliſh Man
is counted bleſt.
It would be a ſhame, fair Lady,
for to bear a Woman hence,
Engliſh Soldiers never carry
any ſuch without offence:
I will quickly change myſelf,
if it be ſo,
And like a Page I'll follow thee,
where-e're thou go.
I have neither gold nor ſilver,

ſo

to restrain thee in this case;
And to travel 'tis great charges,
as you know in every place.
My chains and jewels every one,
shall be thine own;
And eke five hundred pounds in gold,
that lies unknown.
On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise;
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force tears from watry eyes.
Well in worth, I could endure
extremity;
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.
Courteous Lady, be contented,
here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
a sweet Woman to my wife:
I will not falsifie my vow
for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in Spain.
O! how happy is that Woman
that enjoys so true a Friend,
Many days of joy God send you,
and of my suit I'll make an end;
Upon my knees I pardon crave
for this offence,
Which love and true affection
did first commence.
Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token,
withal bring that I was so bold;
All my jewels in like sort,
bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her Laws defie;
In a Nunnery will I shrowd me,
far from other Company:
But e're my Prayers have an end,
assure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love,
I will not miss.
Thus farewel, most gentle Captain,
and farewel my Heart's Content;
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity,
go still with thee.
The like fall ever to thy share,
most fair Lady.

A Farewel to LOVE.

Farewel false Love, the Oracle of lies,
a mortal Foe, an Enemy to Rest,
An envious Boy, from whence great Cares arise,
a Bastard vile a Beast with age possest:
Way for Errour, a Tempest full of Treason,
In all Respects contrary unto Reason.
A poison'd Serpent cover'd all with Flowers,
Mother of Sighs, and Murtherers Repose,
A Sea of Sorrows, whence run all such Showers
as Moisture gives: o every Grief that grows;
School of Guile, a Net of deep Deceit,
golden Hook that holds a poisoned Bait:
Fortress fled, whom Reason did defend,
a Syren's Song, a Server of the Wind;
Maze wherein Affections find no end,
a raining Cloud that runs before the Wind:
Substance like the Shadow of the Sun,
Goal of Grief, for which the Wisest run:
quenchless Fire, a Nest of trembling Fear,
a Path that leads to Peril and Mishap,
true Retreat of Sorrow and Dispair,

an

an idle Boy that sleeps in Pleasure's Lap:
A deep Mistrust of that which certain seems,
A Hope of that which Reason doubtful deems.
Then fie thy Reign my y . ger Years betray'd,
and for my Faith Ingratitude I finde,
And such Repentance hath the Wrong bewray'd,
whose crooked Cause hath not been after kind;
False Love go back, and Beauty frail adieu,
Dead is the Root from which such Fancies grew.

The Lover by his Gifts thinks to conquer Chastity;
And with his Gifts sends these Verses to his Lady:

WHat Face so fair that is not drakt with gold?
What Wit so worthy that han't in gold its wonder
What Learning but with golden lines doth hold?
What State so high, but gold cou'd bring it under
What Thought so sweet, but gold doth better season?
And what Rule better than the golden reason?
The Ground was fat that yields the golden fruit,
The Study high that sets the golden state;
The Labour sweet that gets the golden suit,
The Reckoning rich that scorns the golden rate:
The Love is sure that golden hope doth hold,
And rich again, that serves the God of gold.

The Woman's Answer.

FOul is the Face whose beauty gold can raft,
worthless the Wit that hath gold in her wonder,
Unlearned Lines puts gold in Honour's place,
wicked the State that will to coin come under.
But the Conceit, that seasones is with gold,
And Begger's Rule that such a Reason hold.
Earth gives the gold, but Heaven gives greater gra
Men study Wealth, but Angels Wisdom raise.
Labour seeks Peace, Love hath an higher place,
Death makes the reck'ning, Life is all my race,
The Hope is here, my hope of Heaven doth hold,
God give me grace, let Elves die with gold.

FINIS.